

finals by [thefriendlymushroom](#)

Series: [Stranger Things Imagines \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Drabble, F/M, Finals, Fluff, Gen, M/M, POV Second Person, Triple Drabble, happy finals y'all, studying for finals

Language: English

Characters: Reader, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Steve Harrington & Reader, Steve Harrington/Reader

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-07

Updated: 2017-12-07

Packaged: 2022-04-03 05:14:26

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 352

Publisher: [archiveofourown.org](#)

Summary:

It's 3 in the morning. You want to study. Steve wants to sleep.

finals

Author's Note:

ah, I'm sorry things are so short

Steve was poking your side, getting harder and more persistent with each passing second. You sighed loudly and stared straight into your textbook, hoping ignoring Steve would make him lose interest in annoying.

No such luck.

"Kayla," he whined, now laying his head on your shoulder as his finger continued to press into your ribs periodically. "I'm tired."

"Then go to sleep," you replied. "I have to study."

Ah, finals week—who didn't love the stress, the staying up to ungodly hours of the night, the running purely on caffeine? You were studying for your final exam of the semester—physics. Why you ever chose this class, you'd never know, but god help you if you weren't regretting it now. You had been studying for it ever since snuck into your room shortly after 8 that night. It was now nearing 3 in the morning, but you couldn't quit now. You had a whole other chapter of formulas to memorize! *I need to pass this class. I need to pass this class. I need...*

The words were running off the page when Steve's voice registered in your brain—"Kayla!" You startled and looked at him, blinking past the double vision your exhaustion had caused. "C'mon, babe, let's go to bed. You've been at this for hours. You need some sleep."

You shook your head your head, returning to your textbook. *Acceleration due to gravity equals...equals...* Your eyes drifted close, but you were awake again when Steve tried to slowly ease your book out of your lap. "No!" I need that!"

Steve shut the book and set it on your nightstand. "No, you need sleep."

"Five more minutes?" you pleaded.

"Fine, but come here." He maneuvered you so you were sitting between his legs and against his chest. He handed you a stack of note cards. You couldn't even get through the first card when he started threading his fingers through your hair.

"Not fair," you mumbled.

He only chuckled quietly, continuing his motions. You fell asleep then, listening to his heart, with thoughts of Steve's gravity-defying hair accompanying you to unconsciousness.

Author's Note:

So I wrote this at like 3 in the morning the other night (so minimal sleep) and about died laughing at the thought of Steve having Sir Isaac Newton's hair and vice versa. Let me tell you, they both have great hair.